

# James, FROZEN BRITAIN

Come dance with me  
out of our heads  
escaping the coffin  
we're waking up the dead

Come dance with me  
birth through the mud  
I'm dying to get you  
these bones are all that's left.  
Bone, bone, bones...

Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
make a boy out of me!  
Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
make a boy out of me!

Come dance with me  
the dead don't breathe  
kiss of life freely given  
how long was I asleep?  
lift up your dress,  
give me your lips,  
dance the dead into living  
your love is killing me

Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
make a boy out of me!  
Emily come to bed,  
Emily come to bed,  
make a boy out of me!

La petite mort pour toujours!  
La petite mort pour toujours!  
La petite mort pour toujours!  
La petite mort ...  
Come, come, dance, come, dance with me!  
Come, come, come, come, come, come dance!  
Make a boy, make a boy, Emily, Emily!